

badly bruised, and John Lysnath, 5032 Princeton av., and his mother locked up as a result of fight.

Chicago Jews started prayers for Mendel Beilis today.

Nick Tetas, 3350 W. Madison st., robbed of \$16 on Halsted st. car.

Death of Special Prosecutor North-up's father has halted vote fraud inquiry.

## "DAMAGED GOODS" PLAYS PROMINENT PART IN HOTEL SHERMAN TRAGEDY

There is playing at a local theater "Damaged Goods," a play depicting the effects of the social evil.

To this play William C. Ellis, a wealthy man from Cincinnati, took his wife night before last. It was in the nature of wedding anniversary. He didn't know the plot of the drama. Its story deals with a young man in the throes of an incurable blood disease.

The next day, in their rooms at the Hotel Sherman, his wife was found dead. Her throat was cut. Four bullet wounds were in her body. Ellis was suffering from a bullet wound and several knife cuts. He had finally realized he was "damaged goods."

At the Bridewell Hospital, where the man was taken, he talks of a suicide pact. But the police are skeptical.

"I am insane," he moans at the hospital. "Any man who tries to kill himself is insane."

"What would you think of a man who tried to kill his wife," a policeman asked meaningly.

"He would be insane, too," replied the man on the bed.

Financial troubles were given as the reason for the tragedy by Ellis. Then he said his wife had been friendly with a man in Canada.

"I came to Chicago Sunday," said Ellis, in telling his story of the crime. "My wife came here ahead of me. She was so beautiful I couldn't trust her. I found her here at the home of some of her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ebersole. I discovered that she had exchanged letters and telegrams with a man named Caudwell, who lives in Brantford, Canada. One

telegram arranged for a meeting at the Auditorium Sunday.

"It was then I determined to die. But I didn't tell her at first. I wanted to have a final wedding anniversary. With the Ebersoles we went to the theater. The play was "Damaged Goods."

The man turned his head away as though in mental pain when he mentioned Brieux's play. He spoke with more effort.

"After we all had supper together, my wife and I went back to the hotel. I then accused her of being untrue to me. She broke down and wept, admitting the charge. I told her there was nothing else for me to live for.

"Then she said: 'I'll die with you; you know my shame; I don't want to live any more.'"

"I gave her the gun and she shot herself. Then I shot myself and we sat looking at each other and waiting to die. It seemed hours. Nothing happened. Nothing but the burning sensation of the bullet wound. I got my knife and handed it to her. She slashed her own throat and lay back on the bed. Then I cut mine. I think I fainted then.

"It seemed hours after when I awoke. The sun was shining. I heard the clatter of traffic in the street below. I found I could arise. I wrote some letters to friends in Cincinnati. Then I telephoned Ebersole at his office in the Majestic building. After that the police came."

Part of the man's story has been exploded by doctors, who claim that two of the bullet wounds in the woman's body could not possibly have been self-inflicted.

If the man lives and is arraigned